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WOLVERINE® ORIGINS™

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

LOGAN. JAMES HOWLETT. WEAPON X. WOLVERINE. A MUTANT WHOSE GIFT IS THE HUNT—AIDED BY AN UNUSUAL SKELETON, SAVAGE CLAWS, HEIGHTENED SENSES, AND A HEALING ABILITY CAPABLE OF MIRACLES. BRAINWASHED, TORTURED, AND INJURED BEYOND ANY NORMAL MAN'S ABILITY TO SURVIVE, WOLVERINE HAS NOT JUST ENDURED FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, HE HAS GROWN STRONGER.

BUT LOGAN'S DEEPEST SCARS CUT TO HIS VERY SOUL. ONCE STRIPPED OF HIS MEMORIES BY UNKNOWN FORCES, WOLVERINE POSSESSED ONLY PHANTOM RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS PAST, HAZY IMPRESSIONS OF WHO HE REALLY WAS, WHERE HE HAD COME FROM, AND WHAT HE HAD LOST.

WHEN THOSE MEMORIES SUDDENLY RETURNED TO HIM, HOWEVER, IT WAS BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE. WHILE THE PUZZLE OF HIS PAST BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE, CERTAIN PIECES REMAINED OUT OF FOCUS. PRINCIPAL AMONG THEM: THE IDENTITY—AND WHEREABOUTS—OF THOSE WHO HAD WRONGED HIM.

LOGAN'S MISSION LED HIM FROM THE INNER HALLS OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE GRIM JUNGLES OF VIETNAM AND SEVERAL VIOLENT ENCOUNTERS WITH NUKE, CAPTAIN AMERICA, AND THE X-MEN. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, LOGAN HAD LEARNED A SHOCKING SECRET: HE IS A FATHER, AND HIS SON IS BEING CONTROLLED BY THE SAME PEOPLE WHO HAVE MANIPULATED HIM IN THE PAST.

BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFRONT HIS NEWFOUND OFFSPRING, LOGAN DETOURED TO ACQUIRE A WEAPON THAT COULD NEGATE HIS SON'S HEALING FACTOR WITHOUT KILLING HIM—CARBONADIUM.

EMMA FROST PROVIDED HIM WITH A DESTINATION: QUEENS, NEW YORK, WHERE LOGAN HOPED TO RETRIEVE A DEVICE FROM FORMER TEAMMATE CHRISTOPHER NORD, A.K.A. "MAVERICK," CAPABLE OF SYNTHESIZING CARBONADIUM. HE FOUND NORD AT A CLINIC FOR DE-POWERED MUTANTS RUN BY LOGAN'S FRIEND AND SURROGATE DAUGHTER, JUBILEE, BUT THEIR REUNION WAS CUT SHORT BY THE ARRIVAL OF OMEGA RED, A RUSSIAN SUPER-SOLDIER ALSO LOOKING FOR THE CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER.

AFTER DISPATCHING WOLVERINE OUTSIDE THE CLINIC, OMEGA RETURNED TO CONFRONT NORD AND RETRIEVE THE SYNTHESIZER. AND NOW HE WON'T LET ANYONE STAND IN HIS WAY, INCLUDING THE POWERLESS JUBILEE...

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JUBILEE.

CHUNK!

SHE WAS LIKE A *DAUGHTER* TO ME.

CHUNK!

BUT I *ABANDONED* HER.

RIGHT WHEN SHE NEEDED ME THE MOST.

SAVIOR

PART THREE

THEY WERE *EXPECTIN'* ME.

RED'S *ALREADY* UP THERE.

WITH *HER.*

HNNG--!

KKSSSSSSHHH!

〈HE'S *INSIDE* THE BUILDING!〉

〈COVER THE ELEVATOR AND STAIRS!〉

〈IF HE COMES UP THE STAIRS, SHOULD WE LEAVE HIM TO--〉

〈*THE BOSS* IS BUSY...THIS IS *OUR* PROB--〉

LLAAOOW!

〈HE'S BELOW US!〉

〈NO! DON'T--〉

GAAAHH!

〈I...I THINK I GOT...〉

〈...HIM...〉

AAAaIIIIIIIEEE!

SHE'S...

SHE'S GONE, LOGAN...

OMEGA RED...TOOK HER...

I'M SORRY.

GIMME THE DETAILS.

ONCE YOU AND HE GOT... CLEAR OF THE AREA, RED'S MEN OPENED FIRE INTO THE CROWD.

JUBILEE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO STAY LOW--BUT THE *OTHERS*...

I TRIED MY BEST TO DRAW THEIR FIRE.

I DISARMED ONE OF THE MEN, TAKING HIS WEAPON...

...AND RETURNING FIRE.

I *COULD'VE* TAKEN OUT MORE OF THEM, BUT--

HE CAME BACK.

"YES.

"I WAS SO PREOCCUPIED WITH HIS *MEN* THAT I DIDN'T KNOW HE'D RETURNED...

"...UNTIL IT WAS *TOO LATE.*

"I'M SORRY, LOGAN."

THE CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER-- YOU *TOLD* HIM WHERE IT IS.

I *ONLY* TOLD HIM WHAT I KNOW...

...*TRADED* IT AWAY FOR SAFE PASSAGE TO THE STATES.

EVER SINCE...WHATEVER HAPPENED TO US MUTANTS *HAPPENED*, I'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND WITH A *TARGET* ON MY BACK. EUROPE IS...NO LONGER SAFE FOR ME.

EVERYTHING I--WE--DID BACK THEN...IT'S ALL COMING DUE.

YEAH, WELL...WE *DESERVE* IT.

SOME MORE THAN OTHERS.

WHO'D YOU *GIVE* IT TO?

SO HE *TELLS* ME.

$#&@...

IT *AIN'T* GOOD NEWS.

LOOKS LIKE I'M TAKIN' ANOTHER BOAT TRIP.

LOGAN-- WAIT.

"HE SAID THAT, IF YOU ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW HIM, THE GIRL *DIES.*"

EXIT TO ROOF

SHE'S DEAD, ANYWAY... YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS ME.

SOON AS HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS, RED'LL WASTE 'ER.

AGAIN, I'M SORRY--

DON'T BE. I UNDERSTAND.

AND THANK YOU, CHRIS... FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR ME IN THE PAST.

FIRE TRUCKS AN' AMBULANCES ARE COMIN' THIS WAY-- 'BOUT SIX BLOCKS AN' CLOSIN', BY THE SOUND OF IT.

KRRNNKK!

GOOD LUCK.

AND TO YOU, OLD FRIEND...

"...YOU'LL NEED IT MORE THAN *ME*."

PORT ELIZABETH; NEWARK, NJ: FOUR DAYS LATER:

...BUT THIS GUY IS *SCARED*, SIR.

WE'VE TOLD HIM, REPEATEDLY, THAT HE *WON'T* BE CHARGED WITH ANYTHING, BUT HE STILL REFUSES TO--

WHERE *IS* HE?

OVER *HERE*, SIR...HE'S THE ONE--

WHO LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT TO HAVE A *HEART ATTACK*?

UHH... YES, SIR.

THAT WOULD BE HIM.

FOUR DAYS AGO, YOU WERE OVERHEARD IN MCCONNELL'S IRISH PUB SAYING THAT YOU WERE MAKING THE *"EASIEST MONEY"* IN YOUR LIFE. WHEN QUESTIONED FURTHER, YOU REVEALED THAT YOU'D BEEN "PAID TO *NOT* SAIL TO EUROPE."

I...I DID NOT *SAY* THIS--

WELL, YOU WERE *DRUNK*, SO YOU MIGHT NOT REMEMBER IT, BUT BELIEVE ME:

YOU SAID IT.

THE QUESTION I WANT ANSWERED IS:

WHO PAID YOU?

WAS IT *THIS* MAN?

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A *YES.*

NO-- *NO!* I SAID *NOTHING!*

WHERE WAS THE SHIP *HEADING?*

BARCELONA, SIR.

AND THE *CONTAINERS* ABOARD THE SHIP?

OKAY... *HERE* IT IS...

DESIGNATED FOR DELIVERY VIA *RAIL* TO EITHER PARIS, LONDON...

"...OR BERLIN."

nstraße

PLACE SMELLS DIFFERENT.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED AROUND HERE SINCE THE LAST TIME--

--THAT WAS QUICK.

DIDN'T EVEN *FLINCH*--THIS GUY'S *GOOD.*

AN' *LOCAL.*

JUST WHAT I'M LOOKIN' FOR.

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〈IT'S QUITE *COLD* OUTSIDE TODAY.〉*

*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.

〈YES, IT *IS*...PERHAPS WE SHOULD GET SOME *COFFEE* TO WARM US UP.〉

UH-UH... NO DEAL.

I'M NOT LOOKIN' FOR AN *EXCHANGE,* HERE.

〈I BELIEVE *VODKA* WOULD DO THE JOB MUCH *FASTER*...〉

THERE'S THE FLINCH.

RED'S *HERE* IN BERLIN... AN' *SO* IS SHE.

〈MY *APOLOGIES,* BUT IT IS MUCH TOO EARLY IN THE DAY FOR ME TO DO *THAT*... IT WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY *AFFECT* MY DAILY WORK.〉

〈PERHAPS YOU WILL FIND SOMEONE *ELSE* WHO IS MORE *WILLING* TO--〉

〈VODKA.〉

〈NOW.〉

I GET WHAT I NEED.

AN' WHEN THE GUY'S DONE *TALKIN'*...

...I MAKE SURE TO *THANK* 'IM.

NO CLAWS, BUT IT AIN'T LIKE I PULL THE PUNCHES, EITHER.

HE'D BE A DEAD MAN IF I DID-- HE NEEDS TO SHOW THAT HE DIDN'T GIVE ANYTHING UP WILLINGLY.

BERLIN MAY'VE CHANGED...BUT THE ***GAME'S*** STILL THE SAME.

BERLIN, APPROXIMATELY 40 YEARS AGO:

I DIDN'T LET ON ABOUT WHAT I'D LEARNED IN *DALLAS*--EVIDENTLY, THE *SCIENTIST* KEPT *HIS* MOUTH SHUT, *TOO.*

I WENT TO MY *C.I.A. CONTACTS* AN' TOLD 'EM WHAT I WAS *SUPPOSED* TO TELL 'EM--THAT THEIR *MOLE* INSIDE THE *G.R.U., JANICE HOLLENBECK,* WAS IN DANGER OF BEIN' *EXPOSED.*

IT ALL WENT ACCORDIN' TO *PLAN*--THE C.I.A. DEPLOYED *TEAM X* ON THE DOUBLE.

HEY!

YOU STILL *WITH* US, SHORTY?

THIS WAS A *SUB-BLACK OP*--A SECRET MISSION *INSIDE* A SECRET MISSION. THOUGH THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT, THE *C.I.A.* WAS PROVIDIN' COVER FOR... *WHOEVER IT WAS* I WAS WORKIN' FOR.

"THEM."

BUT WHAT *"THEY"* DIDN'T *KNOW* WAS THAT I WAS GOIN' IN WITH MY *EYES WIDE OPEN,* MY *MEMORIES COMPLETELY INTACT.*

...AN' I KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT *WHO* I WAS GOIN' IN *WITH.*

EASY FOR *YOU* TO SAY.

LAST THING WE NEED IS YOU ZONIN' OUT ON US AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

YEAH.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT *ME.*

I WON'T.

IT TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD TO NOT POP MY NEWFOUND CLAWS AN' GUT 'IM RIGHT THEN AN' THERE.

LET'S *MOVE* IT.

I KNEW THAT *CREED* WAS JUST AS INVOLVED WITH *"THEM"* AS *I* WAS.

I FIGURED THE BEST WAY TO GET SOME ANSWERS WAS TO KEEP MY COVER AN' WAIT IT OUT, SEE IF I COULD LEARN ANYTHING NEW.

LIKE WHETHER OR NOT *MAVERICK* WAS INVOLVED, TOO.

LOGAN, YOU GRAB THE *DOOHICKEY.*

NORTH'S IN CHARGE OF THE *DAME.*

IT WAS A GOOD SIGN, MAVERICK BEIN' PUT IN CHARGE OF EXTRACTIN' JANICE HOLLENBECK, THE C.I.A.'S MOLE.

IF HE *WAS* JUST WHAT HE SAID HE WAS--A FREELANCE OPERATOR TEMPORARILY EMPLOYED BY THE C.I.A.--IT MADE SENSE THAT CREED WOULD KEEP HIM AWAY FROM OUR REAL OBJECTIVE:

THE *CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER.*

BUT WHAT CREED SAID NEXT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE AT ALL.

I'M GONNA WISH *IVAN* THERE A BIG OL' *HAPPY BIRTHDAY.*

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CREED WAS TALKIN' ABOUT UNTIL YEARS LATER, AFTER I'D REGAINED ALL MY MEMORIES.

AN' I REMEMBERED ALL THE TIMES THAT HE'D COME AFTER ME... *ON MY BIRTHDAY.*

TO REMIND ME OF *WHAT* I AM...AN' *WHERE* I BELONG.

I HAD MY ORDERS: *FIND AND OBTAIN THE CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER.* BUT *CREED* HAD A WHOLE *OTHER* SET OF ORDERS:

"THEY" WANTED *OMEGA RED* AN' SENT IN THEIR *NUMBER ONE RECRUITER--* THE BASTARD WHO BROUGHT ME IN--TO GET THE JOB DONE.

BUT LIKE I SAID-- I DIDN'T KNOW THAT AT THE TIME.

I FOUND THE C-SYNTH WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE... AN' I WOULD'A DESTROYED IT, BUT I FIGURED THAT IF IT COULD PUT A HURTIN' ON ME...WELL, I'D LOVE TO SEE WHAT I COULD DO WITH IT ON CREED.

BUT I'D NEED TIME TO SET THAT UP, GET 'IM *ALONE*...AN' THAT MEANT *HIDIN'* THE C-SYNTH UNTIL I GOT THE CHANCE TO *USE* IT.

TO *DO* THAT, I'D NEED *HELP.*

OUTSIDE HELP.

HOLLENBECK WAS OUT OF IT, DRUGGED-- PROBABLY IN THE MIDDLE OF GETTIN' *"INTERROGATED"*-- WHEN MAVERICK *FOUND* 'ER.

NO WAY I WAS GETTIN' *HER* INVOLVED IN THIS.

WHO'RE YOU WORKIN' FOR?

THE SAME PEOPLE YOU ARE!

WWHUMMP

WHO?

THE C.I.A.!

THE LOOK IN HIS EYES, THE SMELL OF HIS SWEAT... HE WAS TELLIN' THE *TRUTH.*

HE *WASN'T* ONE OF US.

LOGAN, WHAT THE HELL--?

I NEED YOU TO *DO* SOMETHING FOR ME.

...YOU WANT ME TO DO YOU A *FAVOR?*

YEAH... I DO.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE *THIS* AN' *HIDE* IT--I DON'T CARE WHERE, JUST DON'T TELL ANYBODY.

ANYBODY *EXCEPT ME.*

WHEN I COME LOOKIN' FOR IT.

KA-WHOOOOMMMM!

IT'D BE THIRTY YEARS 'TIL I FINALLY HANDED HIM THAT DAMN THING.

CREED'S BUSINESS WITH OMEGA RED *HADN'T* GONE TOO WELL.

WH-WHAT'S *HAPPENING...?*

JUST KEEP YER HEAD DOWN AN' MAYBE WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE *ALIVE.*

SAVE THE *JAWBONIN'*, LOGAN! WE GOTTA GET TO THE--

DEAD END!

I HATE THAT S.O.B. MORE'N ANYTHING, BUT I'LL GIVE CREED THIS:

HIS *INSTINCTS* ARE SHARP AS A RAZOR AN' TWICE AS DEADLY.

THIS STINKS OF A *SETUP.*

SKREEEEEWK!

NO CHOICE!

BAM!

WE GOTTA--!

PHUT! PHUT! PHUT!

CREED MIGHT NOT'VE KNOWN *WHAT* MAVERICK AN' I'D BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT, BUT HE KNEW WE WERE TALKIN' ABOUT *SOMETHIN'*.

AN' THAT MEANT THAT I WAS *THINKIN'*... *ON MY OWN.*

SO HE DID WHAT THEY *ALWAYS* DO WHENEVER I *STRAY FROM THE PROGRAMMING*--HE REMINDED ME THAT I'M AN *IGNORANT, SAVAGE ANIMAL* THAT *NEEDS* TO BE LED.

'CAUSE WHEN I'M NOT, *PRETTY THINGS DIE.*

WASN'T *MY* WOMAN, THIS TIME--BUT IT WAS ENOUGH THAT SHE DIED *BECAUSE* OF ME.

THAT'S MY WEAKNESS.

WOMEN.

SNIKT

SOON AS I POP THE LOCK, THE *SMELL* HITS ME.

TNK!

PERFUME.

THICK.

CLOYING.

HERS.

NATALIA ROMANOVA.

HELLO, LITTLE UNCLE...

...WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY WEB?

NEXT ISSUE: THE BLACK WIDOW